

Torrance Herald

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KING WILLIAMS - GLENN W. PFEIL
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Our Float Needs Help

Attempts to interest the residents of Torrance in subscribing to the financial burden of entering a float in the Tournament of Roses Parade in Pasadena on New Year's Day have been disappointing, sponsors of the project indicated here this week.

With a very short time left to complete financing of the project—a modest sum to begin with—the Chamber of Commerce and the Junior Chamber of Commerce have issued another appeal for funds in any amount from Torrance families.

Their appeal has been joined by Mayor Albert Isen who asked in a public letter this week for support of the program. About \$1,800 was still needed Friday, The HERALD was told.

Torrance's entry in the parade cannot be compared to the elaborate and costly sweepstakes contenders entered by some cities at costs sometimes passing the \$10,000 mark.

Torrance backers have set out a modest, realistic goal to finance an entry in the parade. Substantial sums of the money were raised during the summer by such events as Rancho Days, and throughout the fall by individual and business contributions. The portion left to public subscription is still short, however.

While this is probably not the easiest time of the year to make an extra contribution to a community project, it should be possible for 1,800 families to send along \$1 each; or for 3,600 families to contribute 50 cents. That would meet the goal.

Contributions can be dropped off at the Chamber of Commerce office, 2204 Torrance Blvd., or mailed to them at that address.

Don't wait for George to do it—he might forget.

An All-Star Eleven

Every year the nation's sports writers choose an All-American football team—11 men who are the very best at their positions in this sport.

Every day California drivers contribute 11 human beings to a different sort of team—an aggregation compounded of tragedy; an unpopular group, yet formed inexorably, each day.

There is no voting to get on this squad. Most people put themselves there—through a traffic violation, inattention, a careless or discourteous act.

It is truly an all-California group—members come from throughout the state. It is not particularly exclusive, however. By tomorrow another unit will be formed, and today's forgotten.

Of course you have guessed the first requisite. Members must be dead—killed in a traffic accident.

Even while you read this, another unit is assembling, ready to take its place beside the 350-odd teams already formed this year. And the approaching holiday season, if history is any guide, not only will supply its daily quota of 11-member squads. There will be plenty of reserves added to the roster.

It's not hard to make this team. Many drivers found it took only a moment's carelessness, a little too much speed, a pass on a blind curve, a couple of drinks.

It's possible to stay off, too. It takes 100 per cent concentration on the job of driving, strict compliance with law, firm control of emotions and command of all physical faculties. Certainly it is more difficult. But it's worth it.

You won't be among tomorrow's 11.

On the Federal 'Debt'

On August 15, for the first time in history, the Federal Government's recorded debt passed the \$390 billion mark. But, it's said this is only a small portion of the total obligations the Federal Government has committed itself to pay.

The total bill is nearer \$1.2 trillion, or \$6,720 per American.

Here's how experts calculate that huge debt of our free spending government by adding to the Federal recorded debt:

1. Spending authority requested or already granted by Congress, appropriations, balances on hand, \$188 billion.
2. Guarantees under programs as Federal insurance and loans, \$388 billion.
3. Other obligations such as "moral commitments" on pensions not fully provided for in the Social Security fund, \$420 billion.

Final chapter in the Federal Government's money-goround could spell out a riches to rags story.

LIFE'S LIKE THAT

By FRED NEHER



"This is our most economical model... it runs on the fumes of other cars."

Pardon My Stardust



ROYCE BRIER

New Commie Line Turns Khrushchev Sickly Pink

Something like a moral crisis is about to descend on the Birchers, and even candidates for American office who are no Birchers, with emergence of a new Red party which makes Comrade Khrushchev out to be a sickly pink.

True, it's not a party yet. It's only a four-page pamphlet called Hammer and Steel, issued from a Boston post-office box. It's not as cute as Hammer and Sickle, but it's going to muddy the waters no end, for these people are supporters of Mao Tse-tung, and are saying snide things about Comrade Khrushchev.

Like, don't be surprised, because Comrade Khrushchev has always betrayed true communism, speaks courteously to Tito, tried to sell out gallant little Albania, and now has sold out gallant little Cuba.

So let's found a Marxist-Leninist Party in the United States.

Clearly, this gallant little soterie (MLP) is away left of the Communist Party (CP), which is nothing but a revisionist outfit of 8,000 card-carriers who are soft on the bourgeoisie, which is the rest of us.

Mao, it seems, is the only true Marxist philosopher living since Stalin died, although we aren't so interested in THEIR problem as in OUR problem.

The Birchers, alas, are technically bourgeois, and Senator Goldwater is definitely tarred with the bourgeois stick. That leaves the good folk at the Center, and those who say they are liberals, and these comprise most of the office-seekers in our bourgeois republic. When seeking office they always say their opponents are soft on communism. Your opponent is a good guy, but an "unwitting tool" of the Communists, which means he

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isn't bright, and doesn't know a termite from a hot rock. That line is guaranteed to win an election, all other things being equal, which they seldom are.

But here we are in a new flap. You say your opponent is soft on communism, you've got to say if you mean Khrushchev communism or Mao communism. You won't snag any votes if you mean Mao communism, because nobody is soft on that but Mao, Castro and the Albanians. But if you say your opponent is soft on Khrushchev communism, he may say, "You're damn tootin' I am, because

Khrushchev communism is soft on me and the American Way, and I never let a friend down."

Also, come to think of it, they'll have to rewrite the laws and all the warning brochures saying the Khrushchev Communists should be in the bucket, and first thing you know the Khrushchev Communists in America will be saying they're not communists, but agrarian reformers.

Of course, poor old Lenin had the same headache to start, had more brands of bolsheviks than a chameleon has colors, but a little selective machine-gunning or the Siberian frosts took care of that.

James Dorais

Trade Magazine Editor Flays Consumer Counsel

Polla Chase, women's editor of the trade magazine Western Advertising, politely takes issue in that publication's current issue with California's Consumers Counsel, Mrs. Helen Nelson, over the latter's well-publicized crusade against "confusing" packaging in supermarkets.

"Are we consumers idiots who need to be protected by benevolent government from our own stupidity?" Mrs. Chase asks. And answers: Indeed we are not. We are individuals.

"What are happy choices from the market place for me would not make my neighbor happy. I can buy dog food

in a package two strong men scarce carry in the house. And buy a nickel's worth of lipstick in a dollar case. My neighbor can buy coffee in half pound cans. And buy her cosmetics in unadorned economical units.

"This choice is a rather precious thing. It exists in very few parts of the world. This choice is being attacked by Mrs. Nelson and many other good but thinking-another-way people all over our country today."

Mrs. Chase makes a pretty convincing defense of the advertising industry's viewpoint in the controversy. But what is interesting is her char-

From the Mailbox

By Our Readers

Editor Torrance Herald

The news media brings to us the story of a woman who plans to demand of the legislature in Sacramento LAWS regulating the credit extended to young people who run up charge accounts based upon small incidental incomes or allowances from their parents.

This woman is without a doubt sincerely concerned, but her approach is typical of citizens today who fail to understand that "you CAN-NOT legislate personal responsibility."

In the failure to see this essential truth we have lain ourselves wide open to those who practice "legal plunder."

Since we, as a nation, have risen to such great heights by following the natural LAW of God and have "bound down those of mischief with the chains of the Constitution" (written LAW), we have developed a justifiable belief and faith in LAW.

Those with greedy and selfish purpose have seized upon this belief and faith and are prostituting it for their own evil ends and when they can persuade us (by hidden and subtle means) to even consider legislating what is our personal responsibility they have persuaded us to VOLUNTARILY give up another individual, God-given freedom.

Law is an instrument of force and serves one purpose and one purpose only — to prevent license and the abuse of the principles of individual freedom.

Let us not write more laws (for there are far too many already) which weaken and bypass the natural laws of God, rather let us dedicate ourselves to those hard and fast rules of individual responsibility and when we set the good example our children will follow.

Thank you,
ROBERT W. DEMERS

A Bookman's Notebook

Shirtmaker Overwhelmed With Response to Query

William Hogan

Not long ago Howard Gossage, the advertising man, conjured up one of his urbane campaigns for an Eastern client, Eagle Shirtmakers. The ad ran in The New Yorker of March 11, 1962, and contained a free, trivial, offer. This was for a "shirtkerchief," which would be given away free to readers who wrote in to say what they thought a shirtkerchief was for.

And here is cause for a pause in your daydreaming. The ad inspired 11,342 people to write answers to what they figured this handkerchief-sized piece of shirtmaking, complete with buttonhole and pocket was for.

Gossage seems to have revolutionized the ad business by stressing the function of literacy and fun in advertising. In any event, this ad obviously tickled The New Yorker type of reader... whatever that is, although in the profession it is a type that really swings, and springs, or at least reads ads.

This caper became something of a nightmare before it was over. It also revealed a great deal about American consumers, the middle and upper-brow American imagination and about the "soft sell," as they say in the trade.

Gossage and the man who paid for the ad, a shirt manufacturer named Miller Harris, have had a funny book from the best letters they received in regards to the shirtkerchief. It is entitled "Dear Miss Afflerbach," which refers to the lady at Eagle to whom readers would address their replies. (At least she is real... a forelady in the sewing plant.)

Well, the answers are often as literate, and funny, as the ad: "Obviously for the well-dressed man on the operating table"; "I have been looking for it everywhere!"

What's more, Gossage contributes an essay on advertising, specifically The New Yorker type of advertising. The whole thing will be a conversation piece in the ad business, naturally, but the

sly old consumer should find it vastly amusing as well. "Dear Miss Afflerbach" is, of course, a marvelous advertisement for Gossage, which is all right with me, as a veteran and often sour reader of advertisements. A "shirtkerchief," for goodness sake!

"Greetings Dearie" is an oversized paperback subtitled "A Connoisseur's Collection of Humor from Hallmark Contemporary Cards" (Doubleday; \$2.50. You know those cards. "Santa and I think you're a Wonderful

Girl... Of course, he's been looking at nothing but elves for a year!"

And the thank-you card: "I really enjoyed your party! Especially that long, spirited discussion about life, love, philosophy and everything... which I think brought out one particularly valid conclusion... We were drunk!"

Funny (if that's the word) thing about too many of these at one time. They become insipid, repetitious and thoroughly tasteless.

DEAR MISS AFFLERBACH, by Miller Harris and Howard Gossage. Macmillan; 202 pp.; illus.; \$4.95.

Around the World With



DELAPLANE

"What medicine did you prescribe for the stomach problems I understand are prevalent in Mexico?"

I don't prescribe anything—in print. Around the house I keep "The Ship's Medicine Chest at Sea"—U. S. Public Health Service. And am a great amateur prescriber for everybody. But not in print. I think there's a law or an AMA resolution against it.

What I said was the Mexican doctors in the fashionable tourist hotels used to give us entero-vioform—a non-prescription pill, made mainly of iodine I understand.

The Mexico City correspondent's club got mad at the Ciba (entero-vioform) press agent. Now the medics seem to be pushing something called Neotracina—also non-prescription at Sanborn's drug stores.

I think this is a press agent's battle. Both did OK for me.

Health in Mexico is a big tourist item of conversation. Couple of things you can be sure: There is a splash of typhoid. You should have shots. You have to have a small-pox vaccination within the last three years to get back into the United States.

There is a country-wide cleanup of malaria-carrying mosquitoes. But a friend of mine got it at Acapulco airport a year ago. Your doctor will give you an anti-malaria pill.

I avoid any water but bottled water—there's a big jug of "agua purificada" on every hotel floor. Get the maid to change the water in the jug in your room. It probably hasn't been changed since the last occupant.

Generally, I lay off fruits or vegetables I don't peel myself. A Swiss Army pocket knife with those many, many blades is invaluable in Mexico. You can repair door hinges with it too.

About a million Americans go into Mexico each year. They all come out alive.

It's the most fascinating—endlessly fascinating country to me. From fireplace mountain country to banana tropics in an hour.

Inexpensive to get to. Inexpensive to visit—for Americans.

If you want a digest of columns I've written on Mexico, send a self-addressed and stamped envelope. If you want specific prices, ask for that.

"... about driving into Mexico?" It's the way I like to go. (And the airlines will hate me for saying so.)

Just be careful at night. They don't mark road obstructions with flaring lights. I've seen a bridge out marked with no more than a tree branch across the road.

In daytime, the paved road may look wonderfully modern. But there's an Indian around the bend with a road-ful of burros.

If you're going to France next year: "The Rich Man's Guide to the Riviera" by David Dodge is a swinger. (He wrote that "Poor Man's Guide to Europe.")

Morning Report:

Everyone who takes a trip abroad has to tell somebody about it when he gets back. So I guess that's why Averell Harriman went to see President Kennedy when he got back from India and Pakistan.

Jack was lucky. Exen though his assistant secretary of state was gone a full 10 days, the President heard about the whole thing in only an hour and 20 minutes. An absolute record. I've had to listen a full evening to a friend who spent only three days in Paris.

None of the White House reporters mentioned it, but I assume Harriman also had snapshots with him. "That's me and Nehru in front of the Taj Mahal..."

Abe Mellinkoff